

CRACKAJACK

CRACKAJACK

# CRACKAJACK Funnies

*Beginning Now*

**RED RYDER**

THE FAMOUS  
FIGHTING  
COWBOY

**10¢**  
No. 9



**DAN DUNN  
MYRA NORTH  
DON WINSLOW**

**TOM MIX • MAJOR HOOPLE AND MANY OTHERS MARCH**

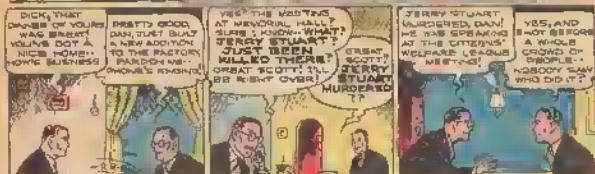


**WEB COMIC  
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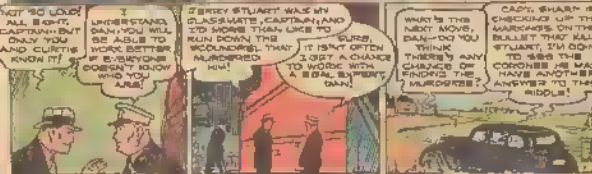
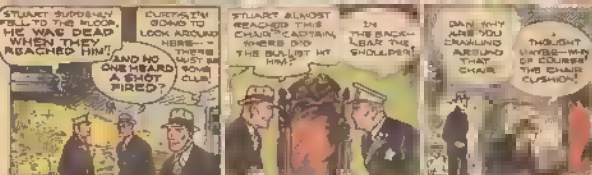
# DAN DUNN

SECRET  
OPERATIVE 43  
BY  
NORMAN MARSH



# DAN DUNN

SECRET OPERATIVE 48  
BY  
NORMAN MARSH



# DAN DUNN

SECRET  
OPERATIVE 418  
BY  
NORMAN MARSH

DAN, YOU SAW THE CORONER—  
DID HE TELL YOU ANYTHING  
ABOUT THAT  
BULLET THAT  
KILLED JERRY  
STUART?

YEAH, HE  
DID! CURTIS—  
NOW WE'LL  
GET BUSY ON  
THE MEMORIAL  
HALL MURDER!

THIS IS TERRIBLE FOR  
YOU DAN—YOU COME BACK  
FOR YOUR CLASS  
REUNION, TO FIND  
ONE OF OUR OLD  
CHUMS MURDERED!

I'M GOING  
TO FIND  
THAT KILLER  
IF IT'S THE  
LAST THING  
I DO. LET'S GET  
HOLD OF CAPT  
SHARP!

WE SHOULD  
BE AT THE  
POLICE  
STATION  
BY NOW!

HE'S  
THERE! WE'LL  
PICK HIM UP—  
I WANT TO  
GET BACK TO  
MEMORIAL HALL  
RIGHT AWAY!

YOU SAY YOU  
GOT SOME NEWS  
FROM THE  
CORONER, DAN?

YES, CAPTAIN—  
COME ON  
I'LL REPLAY  
IT TO YOU  
AS WE DRIVE!

SO THE CORONER  
TOLD YOU WHERE  
THE BULLET  
ENTERED AND  
CAME OUT  
OF STUART'S  
BODY DAN

YES,  
CAPTAIN—  
NOW LOOK  
HERE—

WE'LL PRETEND CURTIS  
IS JERRY STUART, THE  
BULLET ENTERED THE  
BACK HERE, AND CAME  
OUT OF HIS CHEST  
HERE—

I SEE  
ON AN  
ANGLE!

SURE! AND  
EXTENDING THAT  
ANGLE ON UPWARD,  
WHERE WAS THAT  
BULLET FIRED  
FROM?

BY  
GEORGE,  
IT CAME  
FROM THAT  
NEW WINDOW  
UP THERE!

THE  
SCAFFOLDING  
IS STILL UP  
OUTSIDE!

COME  
ON, LET'S  
TAKE A  
LOOK!

IT'S INCREDIBLE,  
DAN! STUART ON  
THE STAGE, KILLED  
BY A SHOT FIRED  
FROM THAT  
SCAFFOLD OUTSIDE!

I'M  
SURE, CURTIS  
THAT'S WHAT  
HAPPENED!

WELL,  
YOU'RE  
RIGHT,  
DAN.

YEAH—UNLESS  
THE KILLER  
STOOD RIGHT  
BEHIND  
STUART—

AND EVEN  
THEN HE COULDN'T  
HAVE FIRED  
AT A DOWNWARD  
ANGLE!

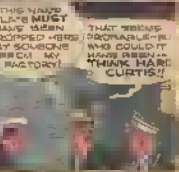
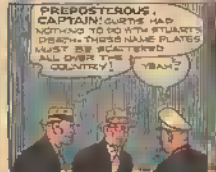
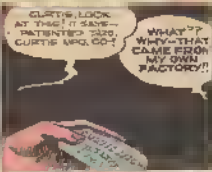
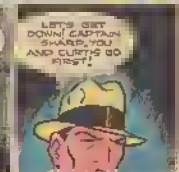
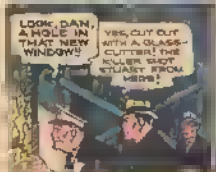
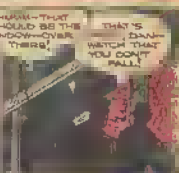
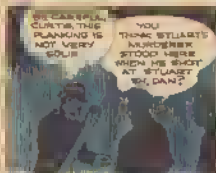
WELL,  
THAT'S  
WAS NO  
ONE ELSE  
ON THE STAGE  
WHEN HE FELL  
OVERBOARDED!

I'VE GONE TO  
CLIMB UP THERE  
AND SEE WHAT  
I CAN FIND—

GO  
AHEAD—  
I'LL  
FOLLOW  
YOU!

# DAN DUNN

SECRET  
OPERATIVE 43  
BY  
NORMAN MARSH



Continued Next Month





**RED  
RYDER**

WILL ENTERS THE  
NEARBY TRADING POST  
WITH AN INDIAN  
BOY. HE'S  
RIDDEN IS SUDDENLY  
ATTRACTED BY  
THE BEAUTY OF THE  
SANDY SWAMP  
DOWN ON THE  
RIVER BANK.

LITTLE BEAVER  
 HIGHWAY TO  
 CROWLEY & E.P.  
 RED RIVER

1578 02.  
T. 100000

1. 2014-15-2015-16  
2. 2016-17-2017-18  
3. 2018-19-2019-20

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

WATER 'EM RUN! -  
RECKON THEY FISHED  
IN A WHOLE POKE!

SALE OF THE YEAR  
SET OF 100 OF THE  
HIGHEST QUALITY  
PAPER

THEY WOULD DO THAT!  
WHO ARE YOU, STANLEY?

WYDZIAŁ THE  
NAME - FINE WIDE  
CASH FOR QTY

1. NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
 2. ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
 3. CITY \_\_\_\_\_  
 4. STATE \_\_\_\_\_  
 5. ZIP \_\_\_\_\_  
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WE'VE BEEN TOLD  
THAT WAS ONLY ONE RIDGE

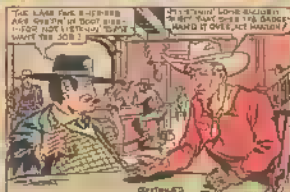
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TEAL DAY - 5 STAGE  
WILDERNESS - MOUNTAIN  
TRAIL WALKER  
AND COWBOY, TOO

CHAS FORD BILLY  
WOMAN AND FORD  
FORD FORD FORD





Continued Next Month

# CRACKAJACK ONE PAGE THRILLERS



Myra put down the phone and looked apologetically at her neighbor Detective Sergeant Jack Lane. "I can't leave Doctor Charring. Jack. He's waiting but not waiting for me come at home."

"It's all right, Myra," smiled Jack, looking disappointedly at a pair of theater tickets lying on the table. "Dad & Dad. 'If I were expectations, I'd blow my tongue back on this set number 1.' With a genuine allusion to the pair of tickets north in hand and reached out to deposit them in an ash tray. Myra took the painboards.

"You shouldn't have done that," she hinted gently. As they reached the sidewalk a large limousine door opened and a chauffeur stepped down.

Jack Lane watched the big fellow close the door behind Myra and hurry into his driving compartment. Instantly Lane made a mental note of the license number—N-17. Then he turned and strolled off in the direction of headquarters.

The car had gone several blocks before Myra realized the car was holding the man Doctor tickets. She shook her head sadly and thrust the pieces into her uniform pocket.

When the car stopped, a few minutes later, in front of the Ritz-Carlton Apartments, an ultra-modern apartment, the big chauffeur roughly shoved a small newboy away from the car door and invited Myra into the building.

At number 1000, he rapped a red-lit entrance with the gilted knocker. The door was opened by a woman in a waiting in uniform's coat.

"Here she is, Doctor!" said the driver pushing Myra forward, gripping her arms more gently.

"Nice work, Willy!" exclaimed Dr. Leez with a crooked smile. "Come in, Miss North, and prepare for an emergency operation. My patient is too ill to be moved." The patient lay unconscious on an improvised operating table. "He's a collector of yours," explained the doctor. "One of them discharged while he was driving it. We can't wait for Doctor Charring, a lady will be here!"

Meanwhile at headquarters, Detective Lane learned that Doctor Charring's limousine had been reported stolen and used as to escape car by bandits who had robbed the Fourth National Bank. One of the bandits was wounded and a policeman killed.

Myra was in the hands of gangsters who would hold her Every Crackajack Fanny in Full Color

of the discovered their secret! He dashed into the police headquarters room.

Not far from the Ritz-Carlton Apartments, a freckled-faced newboy passed and listened to a blaring radio. Suddenly the music ceased and a blaring voice interrupted the program "Attention all citizens!" it droned. "The police will appreciate any information regarding a black Rolls toward car, chauffeur driven . . . License number N-17. . . Carrying a woman in nurse's uniform . . . This is due to the Fourth National Bank robbery . . ."

The newboy snapped his fingers and set off at a run. Myra looked up at Doctor Leez. "The patient's pulse has stopped, Doctor!"

He dropped his scalpel and dashed across the room to open the door from behind which she had been muffled voices and the sound of a radio during the unsatisfactory operation. Myra would see several hard-looking men.

"The Boss is dead!" shouted Doctor Leez. "What'll we do now?" As if in answer the radio program suddenly ceased and they heard the announcement that had sent the freckled-faced newboy scampering off to police headquarters.

"We got to get rid of that dame," started Willy. "She knows too much!"

"But we can't make a get away in the Rolls," said another. "It's too hot!"

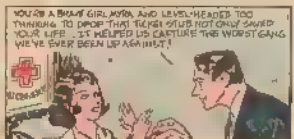
"The gut in ideal" cried Doctor Leez thumping through a telephone directory. "The first girl I'll call a private investigator. We can overpower the syndicate and carry her and the money out on the stretcher!"

Fifteen minutes later Doctor Leez directed the stretchers borne and well-armed blackouts into their emergency to the floor. Then the gangsters quickly stripped three of their uniforms and loaded Myra, bound and gagged, on the stretchers along with the stolen money.

Just as the ambulance was pulling away Jack Lane riding in a squad car with his smiling party armed. They started into the apartment but Lane stopped them. He had noticed a pink scrap of cardboard fall from the stretchers. He picked it up and stared at its printed surface—Hall of a theater ticket bearing the number D-17!

"There goes our gang!" he shouted indicating the retreating ambulance. "Come on."

Near the edge of town he cornered the fleeing bandits. Jack's sudden discovery of their move completely surprised them and they fell easy victims to the police . . .



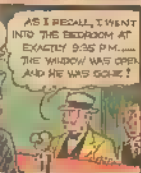
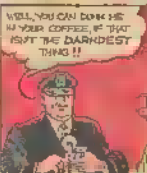
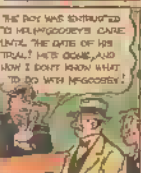
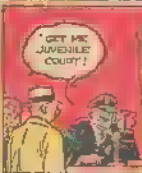
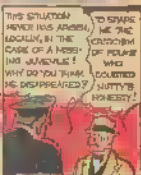
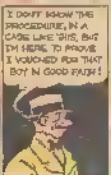
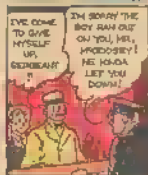
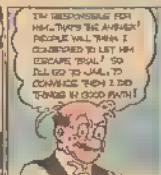
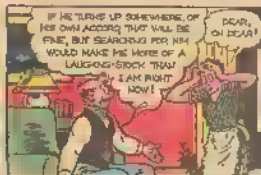
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# FRECKLES and HIS FRIENDS

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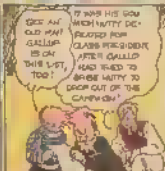
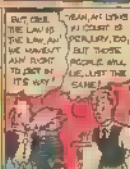
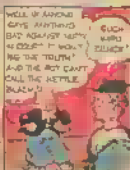
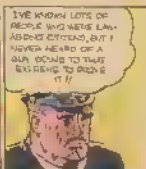
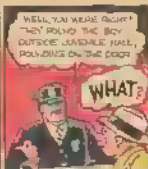
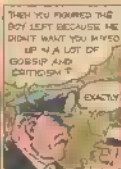


By Blosser



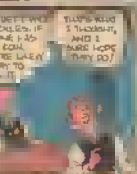
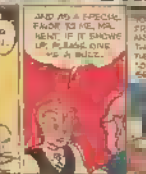
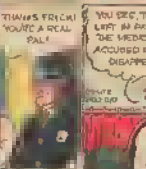
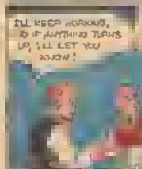
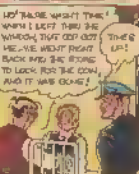
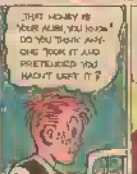
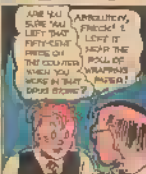
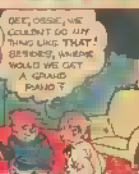
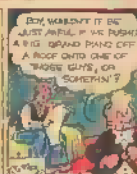
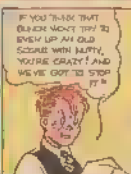
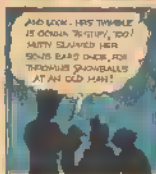
# Freckles AND HIS Friends

BY BLOSSER



# Freckles and His Friends

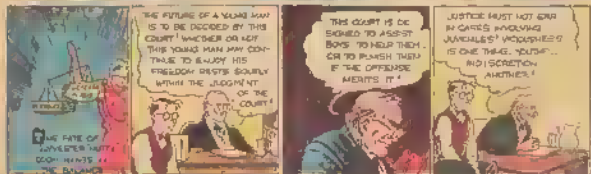
BY BLOSSER



# CRACKJACKS AND HIS Friends



BY BLOSSER



Continued Next Month



# Major Hoople

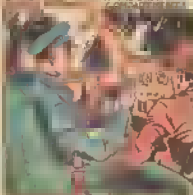


Continued Next Month

# SPEED BOLTON AIR ACE

SPEED BOLTON OPERATING AN AIRCRAFT IN SOUTH CHINA HAS BEEN HIRED TO FLY A STRANGE MAN WHO CALLS HIMSELF DR WU AND A YOUNG CHINESE BOY TO CHUNGKING. MYSTERY AND ADVENTURE SURROUNDS THE FLIGHT AS SPEED BRINGS WHO THE NORTHWEST!

ABOUT THAT BURGLAR WHO STOLE THE AIRCRAFT...  
I'VE GOT TO KEEP HIM IN THE BAGGAGE...  
I'VE GOT TO KEEP HIM IN THE BAGGAGE...



WRITER: I'VE GOT TO KEEP HIM IN THE BAGGAGE...  
I'VE GOT TO KEEP HIM IN THE BAGGAGE...  
I'VE GOT TO KEEP HIM IN THE BAGGAGE...



YOU'RE THE SECOND ONE THAT'S FORCED THEIR WAY INTO THIS TRIP! FIRST MAJOR EGAN NOW YOU WHY?



WHO IS EGAN? WHO IS DR WU AND WHO IN THE MEANS ARE YOU?



I'VE GOT TO KEEP HIM IN THE BAGGAGE...  
I'VE GOT TO KEEP HIM IN THE BAGGAGE...  
I'VE GOT TO KEEP HIM IN THE BAGGAGE...



I HAVE A HUNCH YOU'RE NOT GO'G TO REACH CHUNGKING I WANT TO SEE IT



FORCE DOWN BOLTON'S AIRCRAFT...  
EAGAN'S DRUGS...  
EAGAN'S DRUGS...



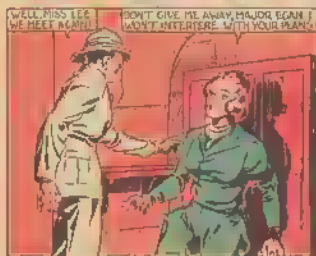
# SPEED BOLTON-AIR ACE



A WOMAN ON THIS JOURNEY SHE SHOULD NOT HAVE COME BUT NOW IT IS TOO LATE!

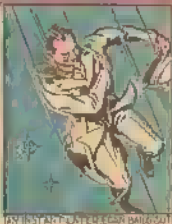


SHE SEEMS NICE FRIENDLY, HAPLESS - DO YOU?

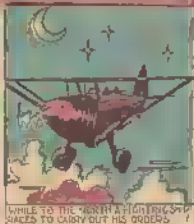


## SPEED BOLTON-AIR ACE

BETTER GRAB A CHUTE AND FOLLOW ME IF YOU EXPECT TO WRITE A STORY OF THIS FLIGHT, MISS LEE!

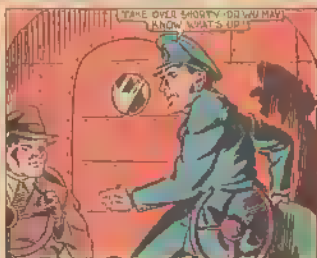
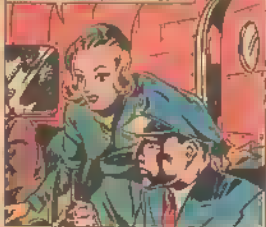


AN INSTANT LATER EGAN BAILED OUT!



WHILE TO THE NORTH A FIGHTING SPY PLACES TO CARRY OUT HIS ORDERS!

SPEED! EGAN'S BAILED OUT! SOMETHING IS DUE TO HAPPEN TO THIS SHIP AND SOON!



TAKE OVER SHORTY - DO YOU KNOW WHAT'S UP?

MAJOR EGAN HAS BAILED OUT, WHY?

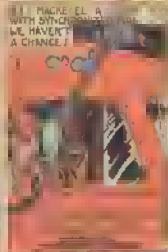
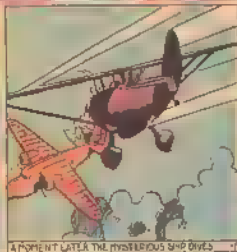
COME! GET TO YOUR CONTROLS... WE MAY BE ATTACKED ANY MOMENT!



SHORTY! GET OUT THE TOMMY GUN - WE MAY HAVE A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS!

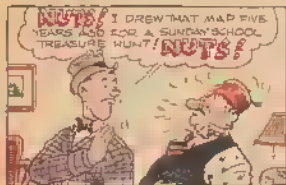


# SPEED BOLTON-AIR ACE



Continued Next Month

## CRACKAJACK ONE PAGE THRILLERS



## MAJOR HOOPLE

Major Hoople stood looking out at the dining room. He flunked the ash trays his eyes and mouth, sleepily moved in old leather sofa.

"That coin will, at least, keep the bill collector away," he mused. "Now for a quiet afternoon of rest."

March, drawn in hand bowed his way. "Inte a man-unt, Amishunt!" he howled. "Before you gun your spoon and fubinate on this sofa take this butter and slum on the attic, you postponed that job for a rainy day!"

"Spann-a-appee—Egad, Women! Etc. . . ." But before the Major could conduct an elaborate sermon, Major Noah stepped forward the true stage. . . up in the attic Major Hoople made a few ineffectual passes with the vacuum broom. . .

"Cough, cough—hummm. . . this reminds me of the great dust storm—while I was prospecting in Patagonia. . . . twisting my neck to pat-diet. Say what's this!" He stooped to examine what appeared to be a very old trunk. "Hum—don't recall this hideous!" Let me see. . . .

Occasionally he opened the lid. "Egad, this is, indeed, a relic of the ancient past!" he rummaged deep into the mummy contents and dugged out a sheet of loose yellow papers. . . . Then for a moment Major Hoople stood staring blankly at the caption about. . . . "By the blood of the pitiful crimes, this is a treasure chest!"

That very afternoon in the office of the Neptune Salvage Co. Major Hoople confident his treasure discovery to Captain Noah. . .

"Incredible, indeed, Major Hoople," exclaimed Captain Noah examining the crude map. "For my existence and use of my salvage equipment you're offering me a fifty percent claim of that treasure. Is that right?"

Hoople, with the tip of his cane, was trying to roll a cigar butt, occasionally, within his reach. . . . Until—kiss—kiss—kiss I said fifty percent—hint why quibble over trifles that will be plenty of millions! What do we want!"

Captain Noah leaned close to Major Hoople. "In-surely, Major!" He whispered excitedly. "We must win this treasure!"

Several days later on board the salvage boat Captain Neptune Noah turned to his fellow treasure hunter, Major Hoople.

"Glad you've come out on deck, Major," he greeted. "You're better in your cabin ever since we left New York."

"Not so sick I hope."

"Captain you belittle me! Mal de mer has never afflicted the Hoople household!"

The old captain shook his head. "I have come very bad news. Your treasure lies far beyond the reach of our divers."

The Major gasped. "A Hoople is there! That to the most exciting emergency! While locked in my cabin I inspected a new diving suit. Come now, call your crew in quick ready and lead a hand!"

As the alarm the lookout yelled "Ship ahoy!" And Captain Noah snatched up his telescope.

"It's a pirate vessel," he cried. "She's flying a black flag!"

"No item in line," said Hoople donning his new type diving suit. "Hold off the pirates while I go clear the horizon!"

In a minute he was being lowered over the side. Down, down, into the cold dark depths. . . . Pressure increased and pushed so from all sides but the gallant Major finally made his way into the ancient hull. He spotted the iron bonnet treasure-chest and rolled it into a chain net which had been sent down.

Then, without warning a gigantic black shadow loomed over the light. Instantly Major Hoople reached for his slayer and looked up to see a ninety-foot swordfish charging him!

He side stepped and crashed out and clung to a pectoral fin, clinging tightly to the imbricated terror alive in an effort to shake off this strange aggressor.

"Oh gentle lady, with the point of my trusty dagger!" exclaimed Major Hoople now in command of the situation. "I'll feed him right for the hull of that pirate ship!"

Captain Noah and his crew were excited to see the pirate ship lurch suddenly. In a few seconds it sank with no return.

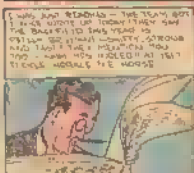
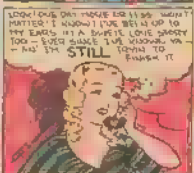
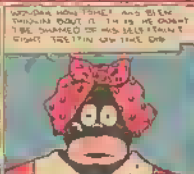
"Major Hoople's been killed!" cried Captain Noah. "He was clinging to that swordfish!"

"No he isn't!" shouted the mate. "He's over here!" meeting his luck. . . . That treasure chest was filled with paper money and the salt water'd ruined it!

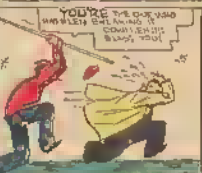
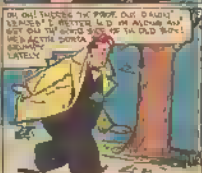
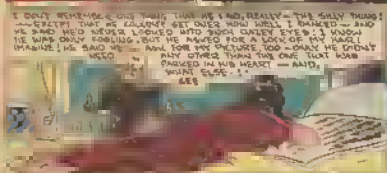
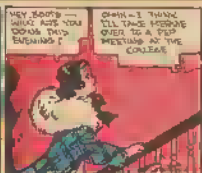


# Boots

BY MARTIN



# BOOTS BY MARTIN





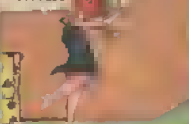
# BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

By MARTIN

THANK YOU AND GOODBYE — IT'S JUST THE LETTER I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR



ARE THE BANGS TOO SHORT? I WOULD'VE WISHED FROM HIM IN ABE'S



TO BOOTHBY'S BANGS



ALL I'D SAW MISS BOOTS UPTAIN'S AND HER FACE LOOKED JES LIKE IT WOULD IF SHE'D BEEN HIT OUT OF DEM TONY MURDER — ABOUT SO LONG



will be better for you to forget all about me later. Let bygones be bygones and start all over. I have met an American girl here in Singapore — please try to understand this — yesterday, we were

STUP — MARRIED!



DO SOMETHING JONES WHORE BOOTS WANTS TO SOUND AS "MULE" WANTED TO AN AMERICAN GIRL IN SINGAPORE IN 4 BOOTS HAD BEEN HIS LETTER OUT AND DUE TO HAVE BOOTS SHE WENT DREAMING —

SEE! IT WOULDN'T BE SUCH A SHOCK — ONLY — HE WAS SO SINCERE IN HIS FEELINGS TOWARD ME — AT LEAST I THOUGHT HE WAS — I STILL THINK SO — BUT NOW — NOW —

OH I KNOW IT DON'T MATTER NOTHING MATTERS



WLD COIN WERE A BOOTS?



WHY, SHE'S BEEN IN HER ROOM ALL EVENING — SUND SHE DON'T WANT TO SEE ANYONE



WHD HE I COME AS BOOTS



NO PLEASE DO! LET'S DUCK THE LIGHTS — MARRIED I WANT TO TALK TO YOU

# BOOTS by Martin

"YOU'RE BEEN UP  
HERE BY YOURSELF  
ALL EVENING? IS  
ANYTHING WRONG?"

"YES! I GOT A  
LETTER FROM  
STUFF, EDNA.  
HE'S MARRIED!"

"MARRIED?  
YOU'RE  
JOKING!"

"NO I'M NOT! IT WAS A  
VERY STRANGE LETTER  
... SORT OF FORCED  
IT SEEMS HE MET AN  
AMERICAN GLAMOUR  
GIRL, WHO WAS  
VISITING IN THE  
ORIENT — AND, OH,  
— VERY YOUNG, SHE  
SAID."

"FOR IT WOULD BE WICKED TO SEE  
THOUSANDS OF MALES AWAY—ALONE  
— BEATING LIFE ALL OUT— AS A  
DIFFERENT, I WOULD — WE JUST SORT  
OF ACCEPTED WE AS WE FOUND  
IT, AND DID SO TO MAKE THE  
MOST OF IT."

"WELL, I UNDERSTAND!"

"WHERES ANOTHER? THESE BOOTS, MAN,  
FLOPPED BECAUSE SHE'S PICTURE  
GOTTA BE SOMEONE OR  
HER DRESS— THAT?"

"REALLY?"

"EAT ME! HE  
WILL T  
HE, SHE, HE  
NO, MAN?"

"WHY WERE SHE COMING,  
NOW — AND SOMETE YOU  
DATE, SAY ANYTHING  
TO MAKE ABOUT IT."

"BOOTS, DEAD—  
DIED SOMEONE  
ELSE KNOW  
ABOUT — YOU  
KNOW?"

"NO! ILL HAVE TO  
TALK THE GUY  
COMING, BUT—"

"OH, WHY BOTHER?  
WOULD THEY DON'T  
HOLD, WOULDN'T HURT  
THEM."

"WHAT I DON'T  
KNOW  
HURTS  
HE PLANTS."

"I DON'T HAVE STUFF—REALLY, IT'S  
NO LIFE TO LIVE, AN HE GARDEN  
PLEASE! IT'S NEW IN GENERAL, THE  
BIG BOMB—THEY'RE ALL ALIVE, YOU  
CAN'T BELIEVE A WORD THEY SAY—  
THEY BUILD YOU UP, AND  
FLAP—"

"WELL, MAN! I'M GOING TO BUY  
MY HEART OUT, AND I'M SURE  
NAME ANYTHING MAN, NOBODY  
NO LONG AS I LIVE, SO HELP ME."

822  
82

"FACED? OH! I SUPPOSE YOU WANT  
TO WICK, OVER FLOPPY UP A  
MESH OF GUY'S TOWEL? I WILL  
YOU'RE JUST WASTING YOUR TIME—  
I'M NOT DATING, AND IF I WERE,  
YO—TO—OH, I'LL SEE YOU LATER  
ON IN MY  
LIFE, WHEN  
I'M SO OLD  
NOTHING WILL  
MATTER."

"AND  
ANOTHER  
THING—"





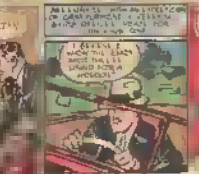
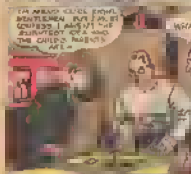
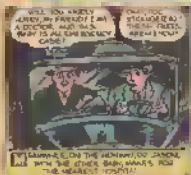


# Myra North



## Special Nurse

by **RAY THOMPSON**  
and **CHARLES COLE**







## CRACKAJACK ONE PAGE THRILLERS



"Come on, Oscar, let's try those hounds down at the end of this street. We still have a couple of hours to raise that hell dollar, then we can see 'Speed' Stevens win the game for sure. Gee, State College can't lose with him playing."

As they were peering a dingy little barber shop across the street, a lot of checkers suit opened the door and called to them.

"Hey, you kids with the snow shovels, do you want to make a hell a buck?"

"Sure!" shouted Freckles. "But just walk in all shovels, else you'll discover we're not here!"

"No use afraid about that kid," he roared. "He decided to have it cashed—See! I wouldn't throw this snow back on it. Get the idea? Make it nice even job of it, too. When you're finished come inside and I'll pay you."

Oscar shot a questioning glance at Freckles but seeing his friend start to work he jerked on, this additional fifty-cent it was just what they needed, regardless how crazy the task might seem.

When the man had disappeared into the barber shop, Freckles spoke to his companion.

"There's something mighty funny about this," he said, scattering a shovel full of snow across the drive.

"Did you notice, the garage shades are all pulled down. Seems to me he wants it to look like his car hasn't been used since the snow fell."

"Gee, Freckles, did you notice that funny odor back there? A strong smell just like candy. Maybe he has the place loaded with Chinua as presents and doesn't want anyone to get wise to it."

Freckles dumped the snow from his shoes and returned the finished job. "Yeah, maybe," he agreed. "Come on inside, Oscar, let's collect," he started toward the back door and Oscar followed him.

They found themselves in a dark, almost bare room. Back in one corner stood a public telephone booth occupied by the man who had hired them. Apparently this entrance had been guarded by him for he continued his loud monologue into the transmitter.

"Sure," he shouted. "It's a pipe snitch. York College can't lose. The game is in the bag. Bet at \$10,000 against State. Don't worry 'Speed' Stevens won't play it that game today."

Freckles grabbed his friend's arm and led him away from the booth in the next would suspect them of listening. Then loudly they approached.

"Ah," he said, glancing out of the window exposing this work, "you all finished?" "That's fine!" —Now—I'll either take you both to the football game or give you the fifty-cents I promised—what do you say?"

Oscar was about to accept the invitation—but Freckles hurriedly answered—"The nice kid—but I—don't want we'll let it take the fifty-cent." "You're a funny pair," he roared, he did give Freckles a half a dollar.

They had scarcely left the shop when Oscar began to voice his objections. But Freckles cheered him. "Don't be a sap, Oscar, that met it up to something good is not it this best? As soon as he leaves for the football game, we're going to find out what it is that garage!"

They departed their shovels in a snow bank and watched the mysterious man lock up his barber shop, then racing quickly across the snow covered drive way they tried the big double doors.

"There's someone in there," cried Freckles, "did you hear that great big sound?"

He poked up a large stone, and he was about to strike when Oscar halted him.

"Gee, Freckles," he said, "if there isn't anything really wrong going on here, breaking into this man's garage is a very business."

Freckles struck the lock with a resounding blow.

"Speed" Stevens it is there I am sure of it."

At last the cheap lock snapped and they opened the door. A strong odor of varnish became apparent. It seemed to come from a big table that stood in the rubbish cluttered interior. Slipping at the cunning board, they peered inside. Their heads and hands lay by the famous "Speed" Stevens!

In a few moments the towering fullback stood smiling down at them. "I don't know how to thank you kids but come on we haven't much time for it this way. The first thing for it to do is to put the police on that crook's tail. Then your blows are coming in the football game with me."

"How in this world did you know I was in there?"

"We thought it was funny when that man wanted us to throw snow on his driveway," explained Freckles. "Then Oscar smelled the waxy green like under the yellow football player's sweat, he thought it was candy... We heard the barber talking to someone on the telephone and he told them to bet we'd throw a dollar at York College—That you were going to play in the game."

"You're clever boys," laughed "Speed" patting them on the back.

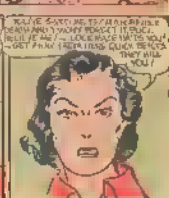


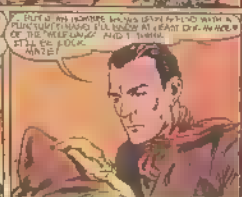
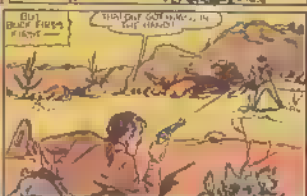
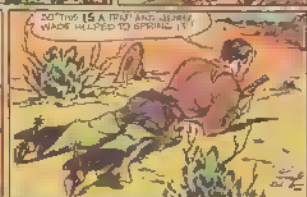
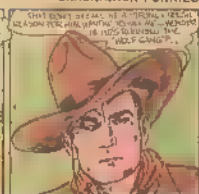
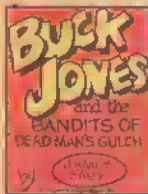
# Buck Jones

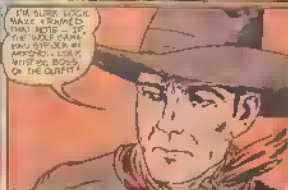
and the  
BANDITS OF  
DEAD MAN'S GULCH

by  
JAMES  
CAGNEY

AS SHERIFF OF ARIZONA BUCK JONES IS TRYING TO LOCATE THE CANYON HIDE OUT OF THE WOLF GANG, A BAND OF CHEROKEES THAT HAVE BEEN MURDERING HIS SUBJECTS, BUCK RECEIVED AN URGENT LETTER ADVISING HIM TO MEET THE WRITERS AT TWENTY-SEVEN CANYON.



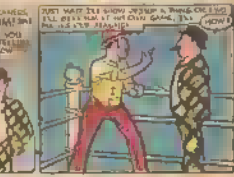
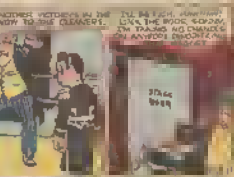






# WASH TUBBS

By GRANE

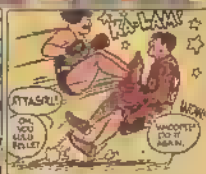
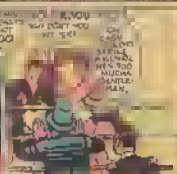
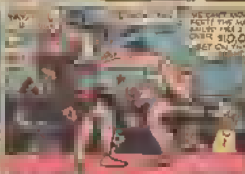
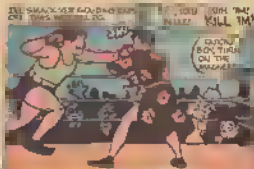


# WASH TUBBS BY Crane



# Wash Tubbs

BY ROY CRANE







## CRACKAJACK ONE PAGE THRILLERS



Midnight and the lights in Dan Dunn's office burned brightly. A huge sheet of paper was tacked on the desk in front of the great detective. Dan looked up at Irwin Higgs, his assistant, who sat in a comfortable overstuffed chair puffing on a short stump of a cigar.

"Irwin," he said, "this monster mind Cosmo Vippo is riding for a fall. He's becoming over confident and has a yen for publicity—wants his name in headlines!"

"Yeah, Dan. He's even daring to brand his job so the police will know for sure he did them!" Irwin reached across the desk and picked up a soiled calling card. "It's a picture of a bull, isn't it, Dan?"

"As near as I can make it out, Irwin. I'll admit it has me puzzled. . . ." The telephone bell interrupted him. "Answer that, Irwin."

Detective Higgs obeyed and said, "It's for you, Dan—says he's Cosmo Vippo!"

"COSMO VIPPO! . . . Here gimme this phone!" Detective Higgs held his hand over the transmitter for an instant. "Keep him talking. I'll try to trace that call!"

"Listen, closely," chimed Vippo's voice over the wire. "You might be interested in knowing that my next job will be a little holdup, Dunn. . . . Mid City's Armored Truck Service. . . . To be exact, truck number 110. . . . Hiw, hiw, haw! I'd tell you the date but you detectives ought to have something to do—Haw, haw. . . ."

"Mighty nice of you to call me, Vippo," Dan called. "Don't mention it, Dunn," continued Vippo's voice. "I just didn't want it to be too much of a shock for you."

Dan looked up and saw Irwin standing in the doorway. "That call came from the Van Cortland estate, Dan. Get, how could Vippo get access to this phone?"

"He didn't, Irwin. It's an old trick! Cosmo tapped into Van Cortland's line and dialed our number on a

hookman's portable phone. He's too busy to be caught by a spaced call! I'd give my right arm to know what date he intends to strike! We can't have a detail watch much ten indefinitely."

"It's the dearest crack in the country, Dan. I'll bet my star. . . ."

"That's it! STARS!" Dan shouted shoving back his chair. "Cosmo Vippo is a nut on astrology! Let's see he was born in May. Get me a horoscope for the zodiac sign Taurus. If my hunch is right Vippo has pulled his last job!"

Three days later Dan Dunn and Irwin Higgs sat in the front seat of a powerful moving van truck. Behind them in the van, armed officers with steady machine guns crouched. A block ahead the armored car was making its usual run. Dan pulled over to the curb and parked in the armored car stopped in front of the Cange Electric Company. A few minutes later the guards emerged carrying heavy satchels and loaded them into the car, closing the steel doors behind them.

Irwin nodded Dan. "If I'm not crazy, Dan, these guards look mighty different to me!"

Dan did not answer but stepped on the gas. The armored car pulled away at the same instant, much later than it had on previous stops.

"You're right, Irwin," Dan snapped, pressing harder on the throttle. "Cosmo must have waylaid the guards on this hallway. It would have been a slick job, but he can't get away now!"

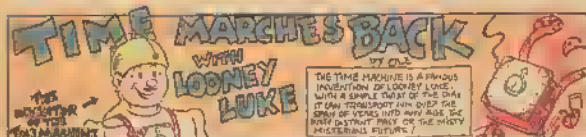
A burst of machine gun fire shattered the windshield in front of them. Dan crouched low as his truck gained on the heavy armored car. It turned another corner, but the men drove along side. Then another salvo of bullets ripped through the detective's truck!

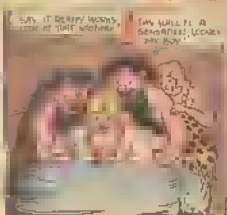
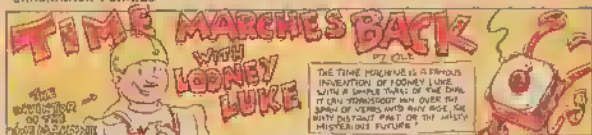
Dan gave the wheel a sudden wrench—there was a grinding crash as the two machines ground together. For a moment Cosmo Vippo, at the wheel of the armored car, lost control, and it crashed into a lightpole.

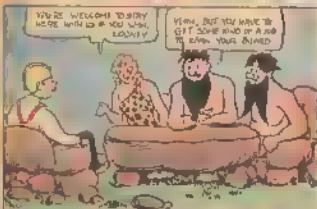
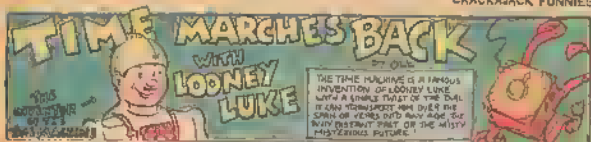
"How on earth did you ever figure out what day Vippo planned that robbery, Dan?" asked Irwin later.

"You solved the mystery, Irwin! This picture on Vippo's card was the Zodiac sign of Taurus, and his record showed he was born in May, which comes under the sign of Taurus. His horoscope noted that his lucky days were the twelfth days of each month. When you add that it was just as good as if Cosmo Vippo had told me the date!"



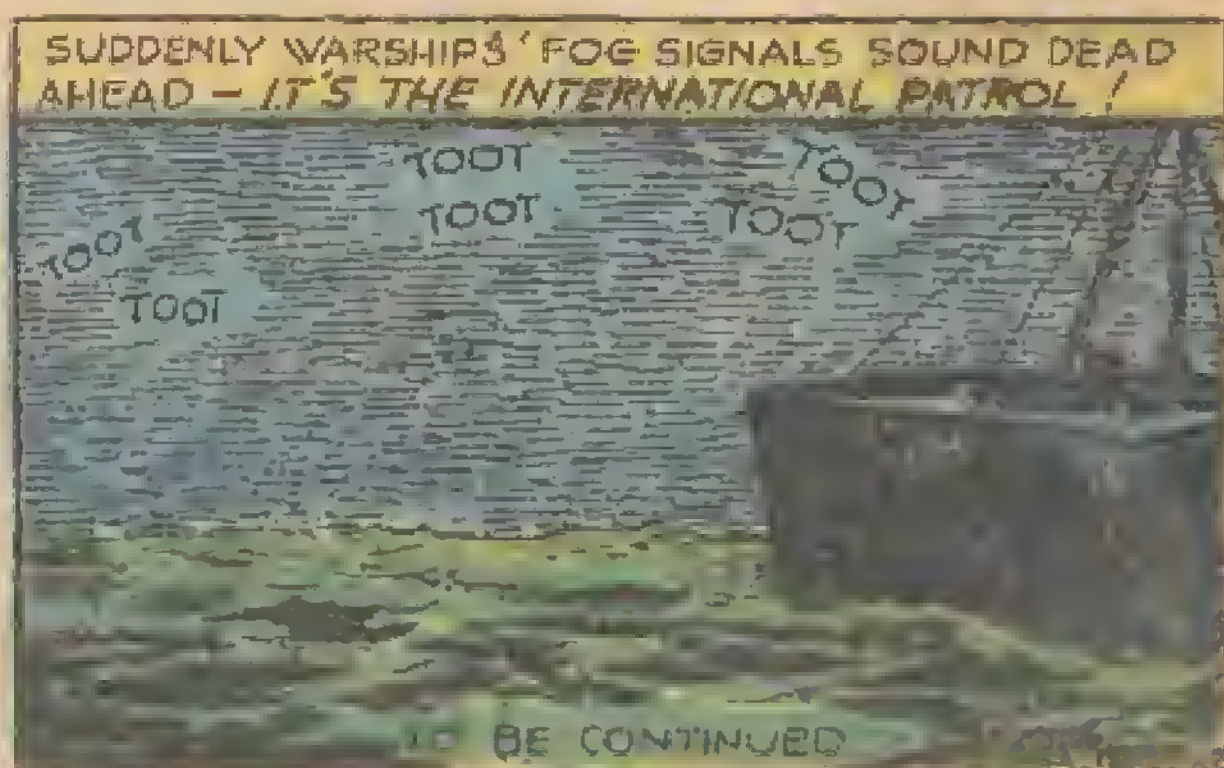
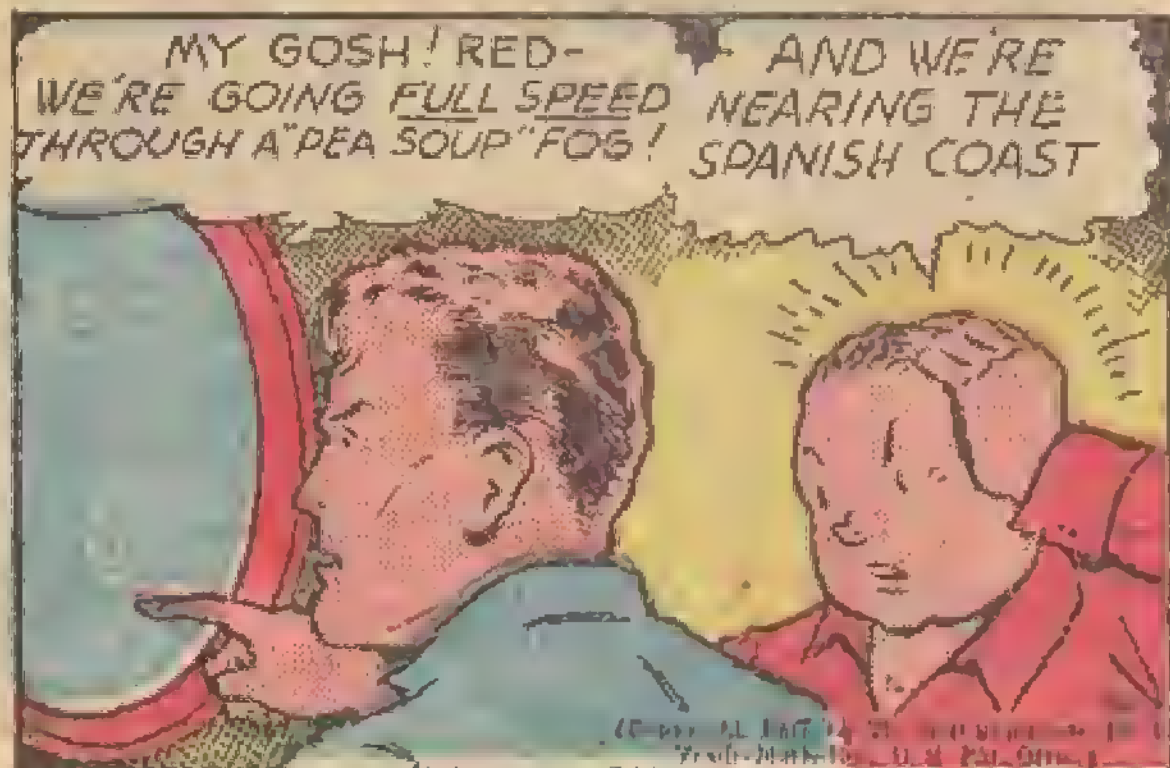
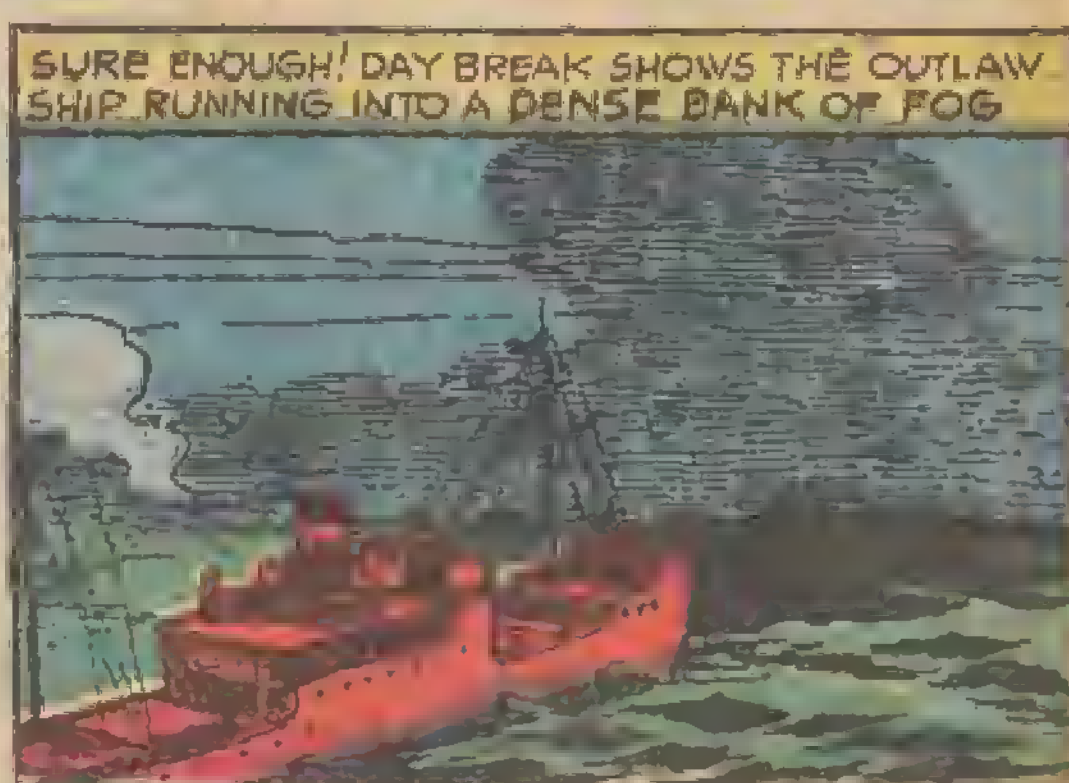
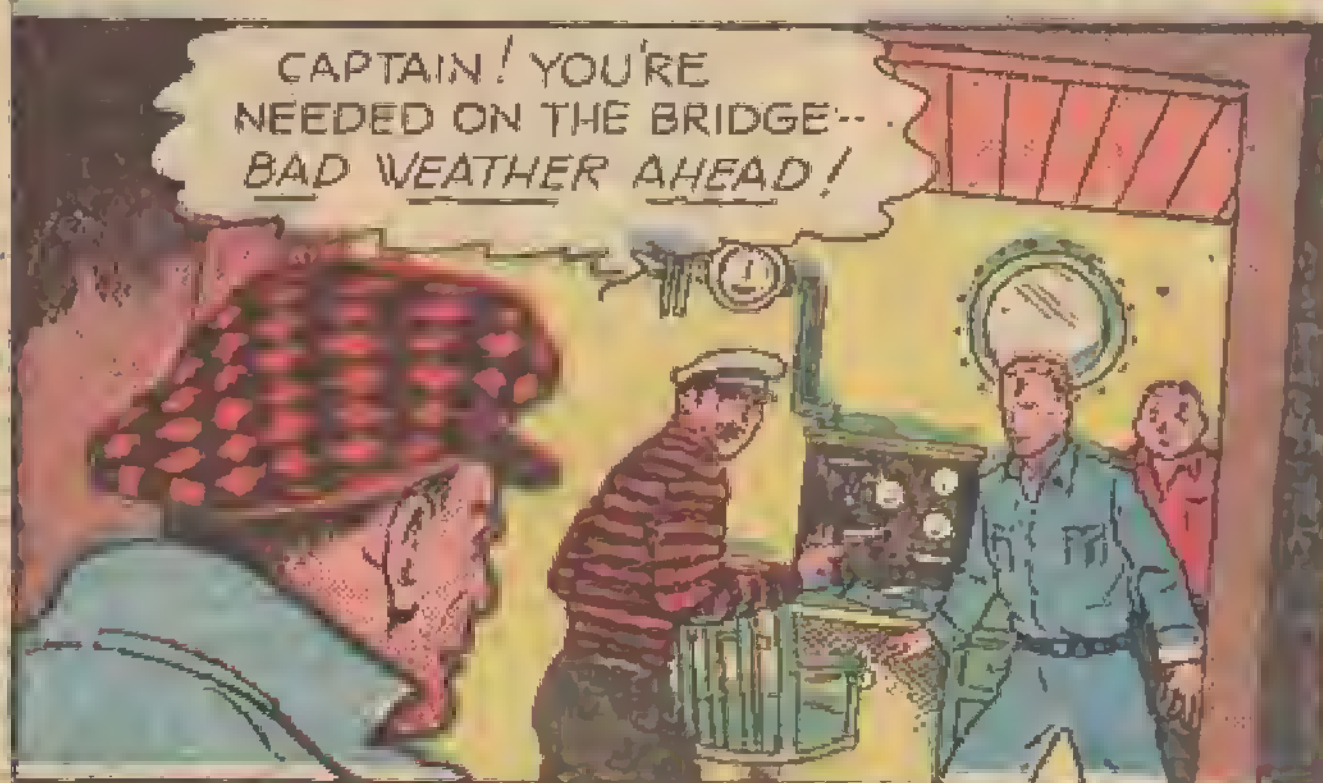
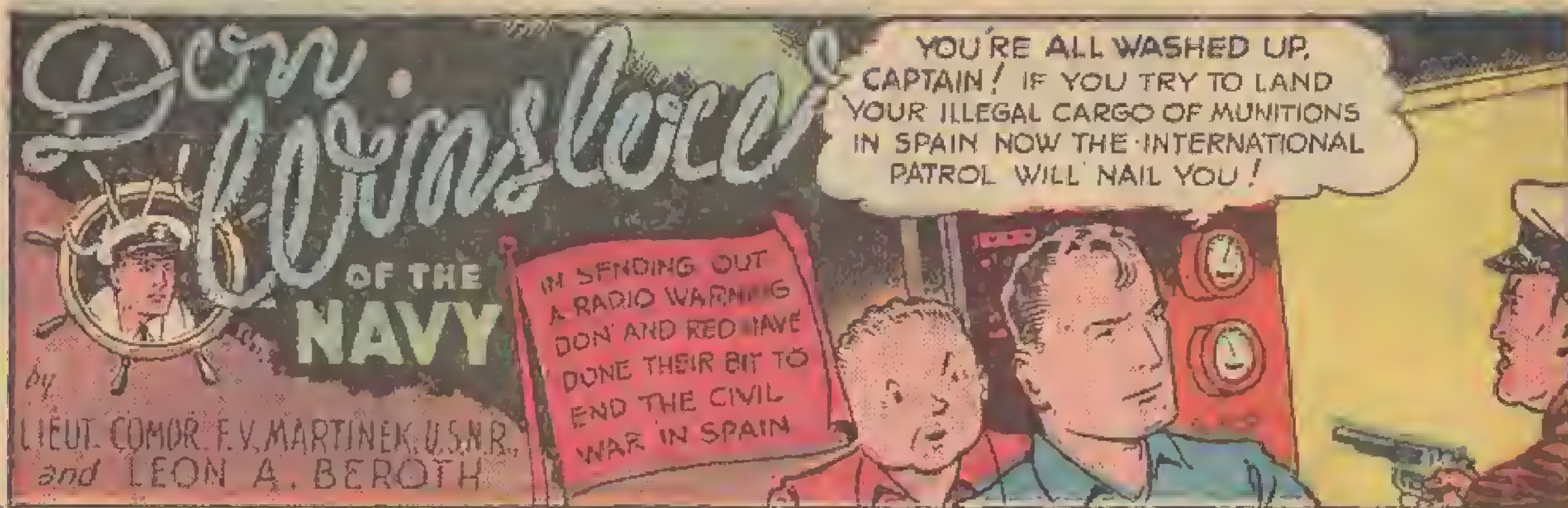




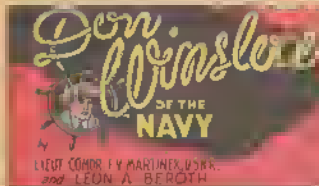


Continued Next Month









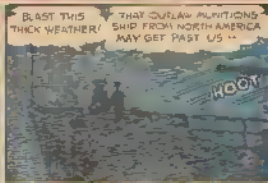
THAT RECKLESS CAPTAIN  
TAKING US AT FULL  
SPEED THROUGH THIS  
DENSE FOG!

HE'S  
TRYING TO  
RUN THE  
BLOCKADE!

BLAST THIS  
THICK WEATHER!

THAT OUTLAW ALIENS  
SHIP FROM NORTH AMERICA  
MAY GET PAST US --

DEAD AHEAD A WARSHIP  
OF THE INTERNATIONAL  
PATROL KEEPS SOUNDING  
ITS FOG WARNING



LISTEN SOUNDS  
LIKE A SHIP'S  
CUT-WATER  
OUT THERE

YEAH-- AND  
IT'S COMING  
CLOSE ABOARD

IT'S  
THE  
OUTLAWS!

AND WE  
CAN'T STOP  
EM!

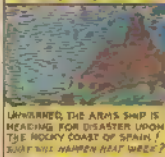


WOW, WE'VE JUST PLOUGHED  
ST THE BOW OF A WARSHIP  
WE'VE RUN THE BLOCKADE!

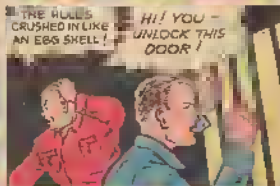
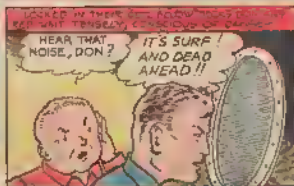
HAW'HAW' I MADE IT!  
NOW LISTEN SHARP FOR THE  
OG HORN OUTSIDE LAGUNA HARBOR

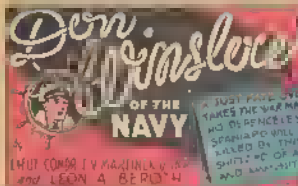


BUT THE FOG HORN IS SILENT--  
SMASHED BY AN ENEMY SHELL!



UNWARNED, THE ARMS SHIP IS  
HEADING FOR DISASTER UPON  
THE ROCKY COAST OF SPAIN!  
WHAT WILL HAPPEN NEXT WEEK?

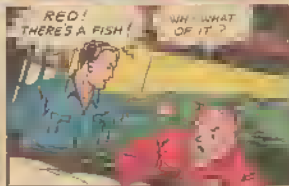
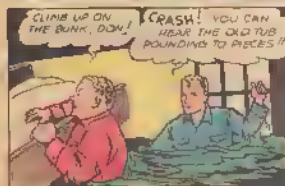
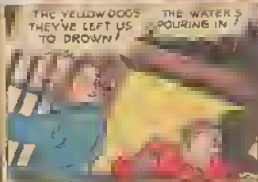
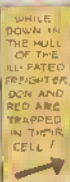




A JUST FIVE YEAR  
TAKES THE WAR MARRIES  
HIS DEFENSES:  
SPANARD WILL BE  
KILLED BY THIS  
SHIT: NO OF ARMS  
AND AMMUNITION!

BE MY  
BLAST IT!  
WE'RE ON  
THE ROCKS!

INTO THE BOATS  
GET MOVING!!





and the  
KIDNAPERS of  
CHOLLA WASH

by JIM STEVENS

AFTER HUNTING BEHIND THE TREES AND  
NUMBERED ONE FIVE SIX SEVEN EIGHT NINE  
ETC. I SAW HIS OLD IP ADDRESS.

John J. ...  
John J. ...

Dear Tom  
I'm working for a square  
school named Johnson School as a  
an unskilled work and intend to  
earn enough money to help  
the school children to help  
relieving the children in the town  
to me come and down at present  
you plenty of action?  
Sincerely yours  
D. J. Jones

23. 4. 2018 TUESDAY 11:45 AM  
 24. 5. 2018 WEDNESDAY 12:00 PM  
 WE CAN GO ON  
 25. 6. 2018 THURSDAY 12:15 PM



I HENRY SMITH, BULL WHO WAS  
SATISFIED WITH SCOTCH WHISKY  
AND CARRIES AND DO DRINK  
THE IN EVERYONE - NOW YOU  
WANT TO BUY THE 3/4



REMARKS: THE BURL E RANCH "BULL"  
BREED AND WITH WOOLLY NEIGHBORS OF  
JULIUS PERH MAKE SOME PLAYS.

DATE: \_\_\_\_\_  
FOOL: \_\_\_\_\_  
OVER: \_\_\_\_\_  
HOW: \_\_\_\_\_  
WATER: \_\_\_\_\_



—IT COMBINES WITH YOUR  
HIS AND HERNESS. YOU  
TWO HAVE MOVED UNDER  
THE SAME TIE BELLS IN  
THE PLEASANT COUNTRY BUT  
TOGETHER  
GET YOUR  
HONOR

WAVE CITY LIGHT  
FALLS PLANT FERRY  
WAVE CITY LIGHT  
FALLS PLANT FERRY



WILL BE ALL RIGHT WHEN  
I GET THERE. I'VE GOT MY  
FATHER DOING  
TAMING

— YERN, THE BOYS MEETING WERE KNOW HOW  
TUD WERE STOCK IS DETERMINED THEY WONT  
TIF A CHANCE ON NEUT NOT BEIN' ABLE 1'  
GATHER ENOUGH BEEF STEAKS 17000  
'EM THERE WAGES... BETTER TAKE  
\$5000.



THAT WAS A QUARTER OF WHN I'VE  
PUT INTO TWO DRAWN. NO GEN. SMN  
W/ 55' RR AND I WOULD TO SHN  
RIGHT MORE ON THE 3/4 !



YORR SISTER?

YES I EXPECTING  
A LETTER AT ANY  
MOMENTS INFORMING ME  
THAT SHE'S COMING



Red 1st TIME FROM  
DOWN 2500 TO AHEAD  
O CAME TO THE  
IT MUST BE WEALTHY

DO IT YOURSELF  
WAS IT A  
WAS IT A  
WAS IT A



# TOM MIX

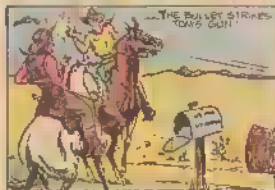
and the  
KIDNAPERS of  
CHOLLA WASH

by  
JIM  
STEVENS



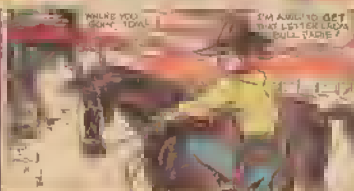
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and the  
KIDNAPERS of  
CHOLLA WASH  
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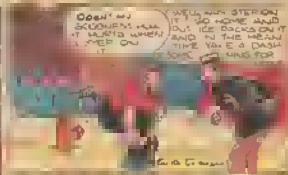
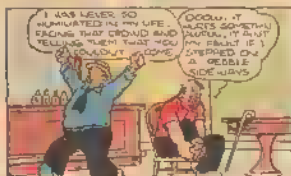
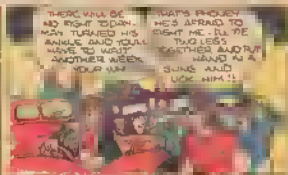
and the  
KIDNAPERS of  
CHOLLA WASH  
by  
JIM  
STEVENS



Continued Next Month

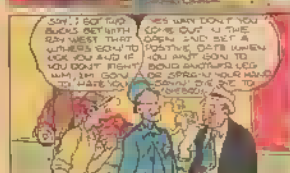
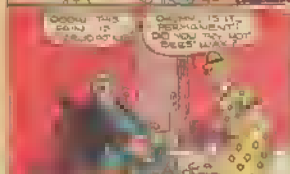
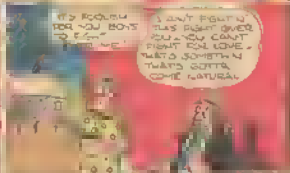
## The NEBBs

BY SOL HESS



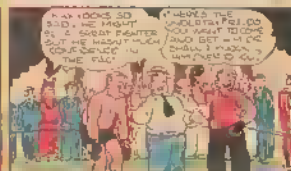
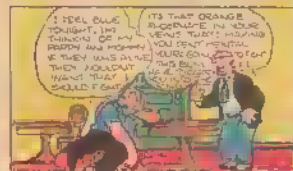
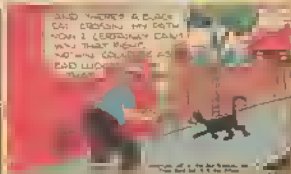
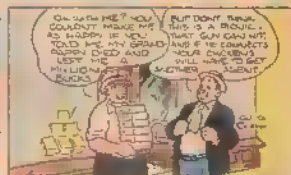
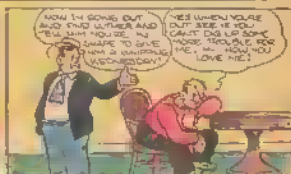
# THE NEBBBS

BY SOL HESS



# The NEBBBS

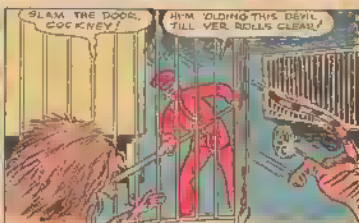
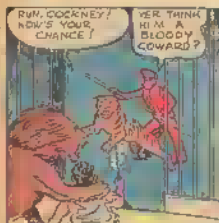
By SOL HESS



Continued Next Month

# Clyde Beatty

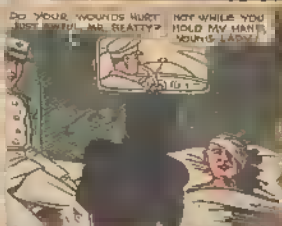
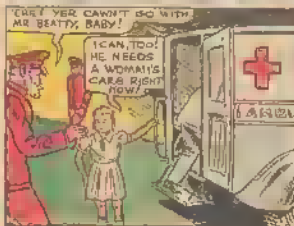
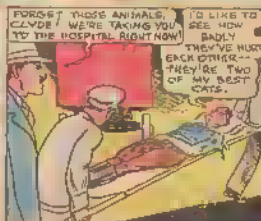
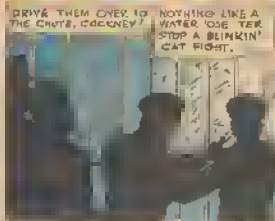
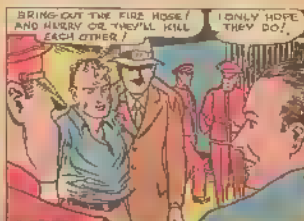
DARE DEVIL LION TRAINER



# Clyde Beatty

DARE DEVIL LION TRAINER

# Clyde Beatty

DARE DEVIL LION-TRAINER

YOU CAN'T STAY MORE THAN FIVE MINUTES, GENTLEMEN, THE PATIENT HAS LOST A GREAT DEAL OF BLOOD!

WE PROMISE NOT TO EXCITE HIM, DOCTOR.

HE LOOKS AWFUL PALE!

THE NEXT DAY CLYDE'S FRIENDS GATHER AT HIS BEDSIDE. . . .

P.S. & B-ST! THAT SANDWICH DOESN'T KNOW IT, BUT I'M GOING TO BE BACK ON THE JOB IN THREE OR FOUR DAYS! WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LOOSE FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN BOOKINGS!

FORGET THE MONEY CLYDE! YOU WON'T BE ON YOUR FEET FOR A MONTH.

HI SAY, MR. BEATTY! WHY CAN'T HI TAKE YER PLACE FOR A WEEK? HI USED TO BE 'EAD TRAINER FOR OLD 'ACKENDECK BEFORE THE RHEUMATIZ STIFFENED ME JOINTS.

HUH? NOT THE WORLD FAMOUS 'ACKENDECK? WELL, I'LL BE A MONKEY'S UNCLE!

HE'S JOKING!

YOU SAVED MY LIFE, COCKNEY! AND NOW YOU'VE SAVED MY LION ACT!

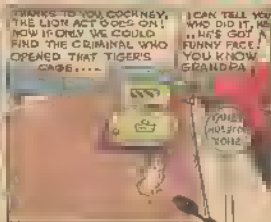
YOU SAVED ME FROM THAT BAD TIGER, MR. BEATTY!

TAKE IT EASY, CLYDE!

GIVE ME A WEEK AND I'LL BE AS GOOD AS NEW! WE'LL BEAT MR. BEATTY! KING-FARNUM TO THOSE BOOKINGS . . . YET!

THANKS TO YOU, COCKNEY, THE LION ACT GOES ON! NOW IF ONLY WE COULD FIND THE CRIMINAL WHO OPENED THAT TIGER'S CAGE . . .

I CAN TELL YOU WHO DID IT, ME! HE'S GOT FUNNY FACE! YOU KNOW GRANDPA!



# Life - Death

D. R. BEVI

RAINER

STRIKE ME PINK!  
YER DON'T MEAN  
GROSSER?

THAT'S HIS NAME!  
REMEMBER, HE WAS  
SNEAKING AWAY  
FROM THE CAGES JUST  
BEFORE THAT TIGER  
GOT OUT?

SAY, YOUNG LADY!  
YOU'RE SOME  
DETECTIVE! TELL  
ME ALL YOU SAW!

COME UP TO MY OFFICE, ALL  
OF YOU, WE'LL HAVE THIS MAH  
GROSSER BROUGHT IN FOR  
QUESTIONING.



FIND GROSSER AND BRING HIM UP  
HERE AT ONCE, OFFICER!

I'LL GET HIM IF  
HE'S AROUND THE  
PLACE

WOT'S THE IDEA, SENDIN'  
A COP FER ME?

ATTEMPTED  
MURDER IS A  
PRETTY SERIOUS  
CHARGE, GROSSER!



IF HE RESISTS  
YOU'D BETTER  
HANDCUFF  
HIM



I THINK HE PUT  
THE BIRD SHOT  
IN MR. BEATY'S  
GUN, TOO!

YOU WERE SEEN HANDLING  
THE SAARE PISTOLS, GROSSER.  
YOU HOPED THAT BIRD SHOT  
WOULD MADDEN THE LION  
SO IT WOULD KILL MR. BEATY!  
WE'VE GOT YOU DEAD TO  
RIGHTS, GROSSER!

YER TRIED TO KILL  
ME TOO, YER BLOODY  
SAVAGE!



SEETHING MAD AND TRAPPED... GROSSER, SUDDENLY  
WHIPS OUT A REVOLVER IN A DESPERATE CHANCE TO  
ESCAPE... HE HADN'T NOTICED ALICE WHO COUSLY...

HA-HA! IT'S ME WHO'S GOT YOU GUYS DEAD  
TO RIGHTS! I GOTTA MIND TO PLUG YOU AL  
BEFORE I LAM!

I BELIEVE HE'LL DO IT!  
THE MAH'S GONE CRAZY!



GROSSER'S BREAK  
HAS MADE HIM MORE  
DANGEROUS THAN A  
JUNGLE CAT... IF LITTLE  
ALICE SHOULD MISS  
HER AIM...

Continued Next Month

# APPLE MARY AND DENNIE

BY MARTHA ORR



OH DENNIE - I WISH YOUR LEGS WERE - WELL - SO YOU COULD RUN - FAST - TOO -

MY GOSH, I'M SLOW ELOW LOS YOU RUN KEEP UP - PUFF PUFF -



WHERE DID DENNIE GO, PEGGY?

I WENT OVER TO DO SOME DETECTIVE WORK. HE'S CHECKING UP ON MY UNCLE.



THE MOTHER THAT OLD OGRE WILL GO BACK TO HIS FARM BEFORE YOUR MOTHER RETURNS. THINGS WILL BE IN A NICE MERE. HE'S MEET'S HER BEFORE WE DO.



DID YOU FIND OUT ANYTHING, DENNIE?

I'LL SAY, GRANMA. LISTEN -

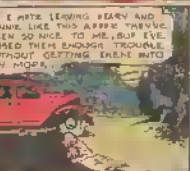


PEGGY'S BROTHER IS COMING BACK TOMORROW.

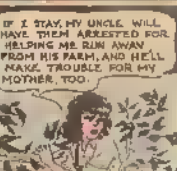
HOW WONDERFUL -



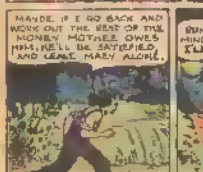
AN PEGGY'S UNCLE. AN' THE SHERIFF ARE WAITING FOR HER. HE'S GONNA ACCUSE HER OF HIRIN' US TO STEAL. PEGGY LAUGH THAT OFF.



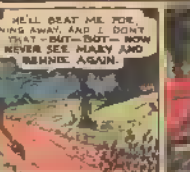
I AM LEAVING PEARLY AND DENNIE LIKE THIS AFTER THEY'VE BEEN SO NICE TO ME, BUT EYE CAUSED THEM ENOUGH TROUBLE WITHOUT GETTING THEM INTO ANY MORE.



IF I STAY, MY UNCLE WILL HAVE THEM ARRESTED FOR HELPING ME RUN AWAY FROM HIS FARM, AND HE'LL MAKE TROUBLE FOR MY MOTHER, TOO.



MAYBE IF I GO BACK AND WORK OUT THE REST OF THE MONEY MOTHER OWES HIM, HE'LL BE SATISFIED AND LEAVE MARY ALONE.



HE'LL BEAT ME FOR RUNNING AWAY, AND I DON'T MIND THAT - BUT - BUT - NOW I'LL NEVER SEE MARY AND DENNIE AGAIN.



STOP THAT! GET OUT OF HERE!

DENNIE, DENNIE, WAKE UP!

# APPLE MARY AND DENNIE

BY MARTHA ORR

GOSH, GRAN'MA, I THOUGHT PEGGY'S KEAN OLD UNCLE, WAS AFTER HER. I WAS HITTING HIM WITH A CLUB.

YOU ALMOST BASHED MY HEAD IN!

SAY, LOOK! PEGGY'S NOT HERE!

THE NOISE SAVED HER. SHE'S GONE BACK TO SEE UNCLE, TO KEEP HIM FROM MAKING US ARRESTED. SHE DIDN'T WANT TO BE A BURDEN TO US.

THIS AIN'T NO TIME FOR BAWLIN', GRAN'MA. WE GOTTA BEAT IT INTO TOWN AND CATCH PEGGY 'FORE HER UNCLE GRABS HER.

PEGGY AND HER UNCLE LEFT HERE ABOUT AN HOUR AGO.

WHAT GOOD WOULD THAT DO?

IF WE HURRY, GRAN'MA, WE CAN CATCH 'EM.

KEED WE ARE, BACK AT PEGGY'S UNCLE A FARM, I'LL GO AND BANG ON THE DOOR.

FOR PEGGY'S SAKE, GRAN'MA, DON'T DO THAT.

I'LL SHOW YOU I'M NOT AFRAID OF HIM.

I DON'T THINK YOU ARE! HONEST I DON'T.

BUT IF HER UNCLE DOESN'T KNOW WE'RE AROUND, WE'LL HAVE A BETTER CHANCE OF HELPING PEGGY.

THAT'S RIGHT.

LOOK, SHE'S CRYING, IF I THOUGHT HE'D BEEN WEIERING HER, I'D —

SHH

QUICK, GRAN'MA, I SAW PEGGY'S UNCLE DRIVING OFF IN HIS CAR! NOW OUR CHANCE TO LET PEGGY KNOW WE'RE HERE.

DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, PEGGY, IT'S MARY AND DENNIE.

MARY! OH, I'M SO GLAD! BUT — BUT — I CAN'T LET YOU IN THE DOOR'S LOCKED.

WHY'S THE OLD DRAGON GOT YOU LOCKED UP?

HE'S AFRAID I'LL RUN AWAY AGAIN. AND I WILL, TOO.

WELL, IF WE CAN'T GO IN THROUGH THE DOOR, WE'LL GO IN THROUGH THE WINDOW. GIVE GRAN'MA A SHOVE ORNIE.

BLOW OUT YOUR BREATH OR YOU'LL GET STUCK.

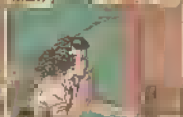
# APPLE MARY AND DENNIE

BY MARTHA ORR

I GUESS IT'S SAFE TO LEAVE YOU HERE, AS LONG AS THAT LETTER YOU'RE DYING TO SEE, IS LOCKED UP IN THE COBBET — AND THE KEYS IN MY POCKET



MARY-DENNIE— ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?



SURE! IS YOUR UNCLE GONE? WE DON'T WANT HIM TO END UP HERE...

HOW'LL YOU GET HIM?



DON'T WORRY, JUST KEEP YOUR EYES ON THAT ROAD TO BE SURE HE'S NOT COMING BACK.

WITH A RAIPHEL, AND THAT'S NOT THE NAME OF IT. I'VE GOT THAT LETTER, AND IT'S FROM YOUR MOTHER — JUST LIKE WE THOUGHT



QUICK, READ MY MOTHER'S LETTER, AND FIND OUT WHERE SHE IS, SO I CAN GO TO HER.



DON'T RUSH ME, REGGY.

"DEAR BROTHER, I'LL SEND YOU THE MONEY WHEN I GET IT. PLEASE, DON'T BRING THINGS BY BRINGING REGGY HERE. JUST BE PATIENT, AND HE'LL ALL BE RICH."



WHY, A SHE CAN'T SUPPORT YOU YET — AND WANTS YOU TO STAY HERE WITH YOUR UNCLE.



WHAT DOES SHE SAY?

BUT I HATE MY UNCLE — HE'S MEAN TO ME.



WHY, YOU KING-BORE—

UNCLE !!



GIVE ME THAT LETTER!

I TOLD YOU NOT TO COME SNOOPIN' AROUND HERE. NOW GET OUT—



OH, YOU HOLD YOUR BAAH! AN' COUNT EEF!

SURE, IT'S YOURS, BUT REGGY'S MOTHER WROTE IT — I WANT TO KNOW WHERE SHE IS.



GIVE ME THAT LETTER. IT'S MINE.

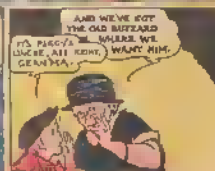
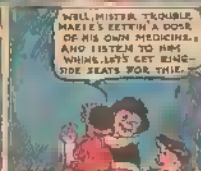
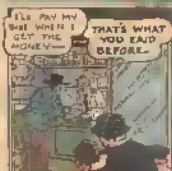
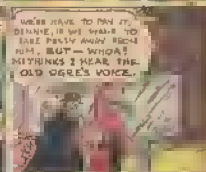
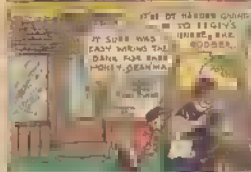
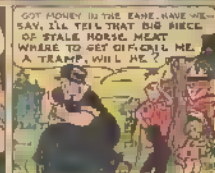
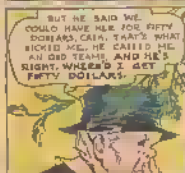
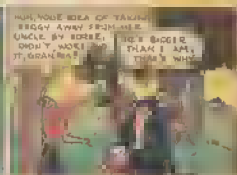
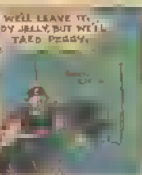
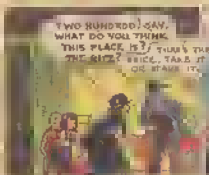
NOY UNLESS YOU PAY ME FOR HER BOARD AND ROOM, AND THAT'LL BE TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS.



THE TAKING REGGY TO HER.

# APPLE MARY AND DENNIE

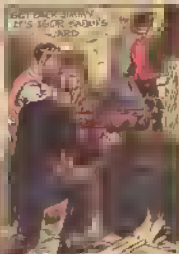
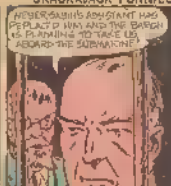
BY MARTHA ORR



Continued Next Month

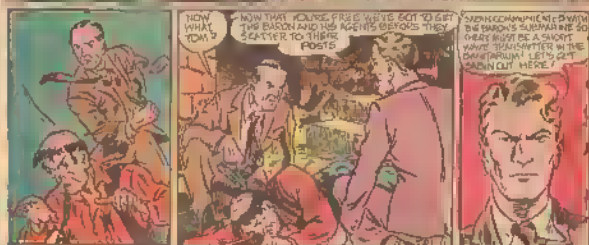
# TOM TRAYLOR "G-MAN X32 "AGAINST THE SPY RING"

MOVING LOCKED THE HEADQUARTERS OF AN INTERNATIONAL SPY RING AT SAINTS SANITARY. JIM TOM TRAYLOR, WITH THE HELP OF YOUNG JIMMY GROVE IS TRYING TO RESCUE JIMMY'S FATHER. CAPTAIN GROVE, BEFORE SPYING A TRAP THAT WILL KILL THE ENTIRE ORGANIZATION, INCLUDING THE "G-MAN" THE RING LEADER, WHO HAS BEEN PUT ASHORE BY A FOREIGN SUBMARINE.



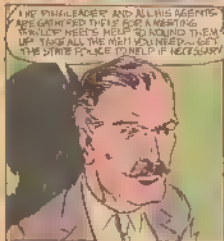
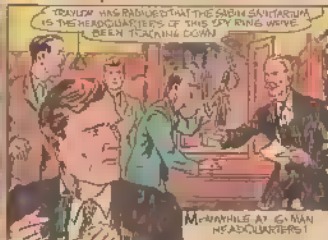


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# TOM TRAYLOR "G-MAN" X 32

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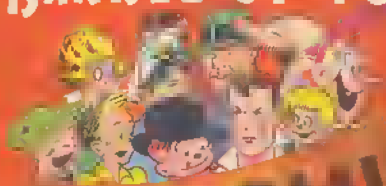
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# TOM TRAYLOR "G-MAN" X 32



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